



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

LIFE AND SCENERY IN THE FAR NORTH.

BY

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

My purpose in appearing before you this evening is to give you some account of the Arctic regions, particularly that portion of them which I myself have visited. It is almost superfluous to remind you that recent events, the cruise of the *Polaris*, the *Jeannette* and the Greeley Relief Expeditions, have renewed interest in this part of the globe, perhaps the most wonderful, if the most inhospitable.

Every person of ordinary observation and intelligence has some appreciation of the beauties and wonders of nature. We are all, except the hopelessly dull and soulless, affected by the rising sun, the starry heavens, the ocean, the mountains, great rivers, forests and other natural objects ; but I am about to take you into scenery and show you sights which are strange indeed to most of you. Every American, at least every North American, is familiar with winter scenery, wastes of snow, frozen rivers and lakes, but in our temperate climes winter does not attain the awful grandeur of the polar regions, in which ice mountains and frozen torrents are perennial and the solitudes immense, unbroken, awful. Thought itself is arrested in the presence of a nature of such sublimity. The reality surpasses the flights of imagination. All is novel, impressive, astonishing.

I have visited the Arctic regions several times, mainly for purposes connected with my profession as an artist to

enable me to put polar effects upon the canvas with correctness from actual inspection.

I propose now to take you with me on one of my trips, say, the seventh.

For these trips it had been my habit to charter a steamer for my own use, there being no other mode of progression, and trading vessels being too uncertain in their visits to the thinly settled polar shores. My starting-place was from St. John's, Newfoundland. On this occasion I had been so fortunate as to secure the company and services of a gentleman whose name is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Dr. Isaac I. Hayes. He was my guest and associate both for pleasant companionship and scientific research, and I need not tell you his presence was both profitable and pleasant. I had also the company of three other friends.

My steamer was of 450 tons, the *Panther* by name, and some description of her construction may be instructive. You will remember that all sea-going vessels must be strongly built to stand the shocks of great waves, but those intended for use in the polar seas must have more than ordinary powers of resistance to enable them to bear the tremendous strain and pressure of vast bodies of solid ice, which, with an impact of thousands of tons, will squeeze and grind the ship that is so unlucky as to be caught in a "pack" with a force that nothing made by mortal hands seems able to resist; and, indeed, many are the vessels which, despite all care and precaution, are shattered and ground to bits, or sometimes lifted up on end or thrown over to the bursting open of seams and the tearing apart of timbers, as if the strong fabric had been but a child's toy. To return to the *Panther*: her sides were covered with

5-inch plank ; outside of that was a sheathing of Australian iron-wood 4 inches thick, then over that from her stern abaft the foremast, she was covered or sheathed with heavy boiler iron. Inside she had three decks, each being supported every ten feet by heavy oak beams. Forward she was built solid up to her forecastle floor and you could saw her bow off 12 feet from her stem, and she would not leak. She was, in fact, one of the staunchest vessels that ever entered the Arctic regions. The crew of the *Panther* consisted of twenty-four as brave and hardy fellows as ever stepped a plank. They were all picked men. John Bartlett was captain, and young as he was—only twenty-four years of age—he justified himself by courage and judgment as well as by his seamanship and other personal qualities that made him as pleasant a companion as he was an able seaman.

Before starting on our voyage it may be as well that I should place before you a chart, showing the route that we shall take.

It was in the month of June that I joined the *Panther* at St. John's, and my first duty was to have a studio fitted up on deck for my own use for the purpose of making sketches, and to prepare a room for my two photographers, Messrs. Dunmore and Critcherson. This done, and some few necessary matters being attended to, we steamed out of the harbor of St. John's, bound north. Soon after leaving the harbor we passed several sealing vessels and icebergs. These vessels are built in the strongest manner, and manned by a set of as brave and daring souls as ever trod the deck of a vessel. The perils they encounter do not seem to daunt nor intimidate them in the least. One year when I was there the sealing fleet was caught among the heavy ice-floes, and about

twenty of these vessels were literally ground to splinters by the crushing ice-fields, and over 1,000 men were forced to flee from their ships and make their way as best they could over the ice hummocks. Such an experience would have unmanned any one not inured and trained to such a life. Newfoundland owes what measure of prosperity it possesses to the seal and cod fisheries.

We passed along the coast between the mainland and Bacaliau Island, where we obtained a glimpse of a fishing station.

Passing Trinity Bay, we bade adieu to the coast of Newfoundland, our first adventure being the hailing of a vessel, which turned out to be a whaler on her outward voyage, an event not momentous or uncommon, but which creates a certain thrill of anxiety in passengers traversing the unmarked wastes of the mighty deep. We passed and left her to pursue her way alone. After our baptism of wind and water by a gale from the N. E., with the usual disagreeable accompaniments for some of us who were landsmen, unused to the roving sea-life, we encountered a lot of icebergs, not a rare sight in those latitudes, but a wondrously beautiful one, with their play of color, movement and variety of outline. Viewing these bergs, the imagination may conjure up almost anything wonderful and strange.

Far away on the eastern horizon was a low-lying blue cloud which some thought a fog-bank, but which others, more experienced, declared to be the coast of Greenland, and so it was—that mysterious land around which cling so many marvellous associations.

Its legends had been the wonder of our boyhood, we had heard of it as a land of fable ; now we saw it in all its stern reality. As the sun went down the air became clearer, and

a bold headland loomed up in the northeast, the veritable Cape Desolation of old John Davis, so named by him in 1585, on account of its barren, blighted, and desolate aspect.

It was a naked rocky Cape, rising to an altitude of 2,000 feet. At its base was a stunted growth of shrub willow, some 30 inches high. It is a curious fact that the growth of these miniature trees gradually decreases as we advance north, until we reach lat. 77° or 78° , and then we can crush with the foot a forest of these perfectly formed toy trees. Passing beyond this latitude, we find again an increase in growth of some 12 inches in height. But let us return to view the land we had sighted.

The air was so pure, the refraction so great, that this bold headland, apparently only 12 or 15 miles from us, was really over 30 miles distant.

When daylight came next morning the *Panther* was enveloped in a fog so dense that nothing could be seen a hundred yards distant, while breakers were heard at times on every side. The vessel was embayed or enclosed in a nest of icebergs or rocks, and the utmost care was necessary. Now and then the form of a lofty berg would loom up like a ghost through the fog, and in the dim, uncertain light it seemed to be on the point of toppling down upon our deck. This state of things continued for three hours, and gave to all on board their first premonition of the prospective danger of the voyage.

When the fog lifted a little the steamer was found inconveniently near to a ledge of rocks, while only half a mile in shore a lofty promontory rose in view. To ascertain where we were and, if possible, to get a pilot, the second mate was sent ashore. In about two hours he came back

and reported that he could find no traces of a settlement or anything to indicate the existence of human beings on this desolate coast. As the sun approached the meridian the fog lifted, and the shore became visible. The boat was once more sent ahead to look for sunken rocks, while the steamer followed slowly.

Finally a snug cove was found where, with both anchors down in thirty fathoms of water under the bows and fifty fathoms under the stern, mooring lines could be taken ashore. This having been successfully accomplished, the fires were banked to be in readiness should occasion require it.

Then, to the relief of all, the *Panther* was at rest. And now we had our first touch of dangerous experience. Being so near the land, a party of the more adventurous was organized for a visit to the shore. After landing they attempted to ascend the mountain, but were forced to return as a gale commenced. It was then found that the vessel was dragging her anchors, so Capt. Bartlett decided to steam into the rolling pack and make fast to an iceberg. Selecting a berg which he thought was of the right shape, he called to one of his most tried and experienced men, and, pointing out the berg to him, ordered him to get ready. This was done by lashing to his arm a stick about two feet long, to the end of which was attached a small grappling iron. Iron creepers were fastened to his boots, and the end of a small rope was made fast to his person for the purpose of connecting him with the vessel. Thus prepared he took his place on the end of the jibboom, keeping his eyes on the iceberg and awaiting the order of his commander.

The captain kept on his course steadily towards the berg,

and as I stood by his side I could not but admire that noble, self-possessed man, for the situation was one of no little risk and called for coolness and nerve. The captain, selecting a place most suitable, hailed the brave fellow on the jibboom : “ Are you ready ? ” “ Ready,” he replied, without taking his eye from the berg. Then, under a full head of steam, the *Panther* was forced through the rolling pack and broken ice, called “ blue growlers,” till she struck and ran her bows high up on the shelving berg. Amidst the noise and commotion of the cracking ice and the wash of the waves, the voice of the captain was heard, “ Jump ! ”

The word had barely escaped his lips when the sailor was seen to leap from the end of the jibboom and land on the berg in the water up to his knees. With a few strides he bounded up the shelving slope, and, selecting a small pinnacle-shaped part of the berg, took his ice-hatchet and chipped a place for his line. By this time the steamer had slid off, but the captain forced her on again, and as she approached, the man on the berg drew in the line from the ship, to which was attached a larger and stouter line, to which was fastened an ice-hook ; then drawing the line and hook up he passed it around the place he had prepared for it, and, cutting another place for his ice-hook, was now ready for the *Panther* to swing round under the lee of the berg, which she did into smooth water, and rode out the gale under the protecting ice-cliffs towering far above our heads.

The next day the gale had spent its force ; the swell went down and we resumed the voyage towards Julianshaab, sixty miles to the eastward, keeping from three to five miles from the shore, and making frequent detours in order to

avoid heavy packs or crumbling bergs. The scene was wild and strange. A summer's sun was pouring down with an intensity that rendered overcoats superfluous. Away on the left stretched the everlasting hills, bleak, brown and barren, showing no signs of vegetation, their gorges and ravines filled with the impacted ice and snows of past ages, and their summits crowned with a glistening coronet that, in the distance, sparkled with the gleam of frosted silver. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the deep blue of an Arctic sky was reflected in the water, strangely flecked with indescribable icy forms.

None of the bergs around us were very large, but no two of them were alike, and as the *Panther* moved rapidly along between and among them, the scene could be compared to nothing but the quickly changing views of the kaleidoscope. The charm of color was there, too, with all its beauty and variety, from dead white to glossy, glistening satin, from the most delicate to the darkest tints of the emerald, from faint blue to the deepest lapis lazuli. Now some lofty berg would come between us and the sun, and its crest would be bordered with an orange-colored halo, in which prismatic shades and tints burst out like a glory. The wild, rugged shapes of these masses baffle all description. Nothing but the sun-given powers of the camera can do them justice, and even that must fail in part, for until retouched by hand, the glorious phases of color remain unexpressed.

We were all this time on our way to Julianshaab, a point of whose exact location we were somewhat uncertain, and we kept a bright lookout for anything that might furnish some information. Continuing on our course, we saw what appeared to be two nondescript animals approaching

from the eastward. There was much splashing of water around them, and as the distance between us was decreased the dip of paddles was seen. Our nondescripts were two of the far-famed Eskimo *Kayakers*. From their chattering and signs and the frequent repetition of the word "Julians-haab," we made out that our port was yet far distant and not at all in the direction we had supposed. By degrees we made them understand that we wanted a pilot, but now the difficulty was to get them on board.

A *Kayaker* seldom ventures far from shore, without having the covering of his boat fastened closely to his dress so as to exclude the water, which makes it impossible for him to leave his *kayak* while it is afloat, and the *kayak* itself is so frailly constructed, that it is difficult to raise both man and boat from the water without injuring the latter. However, we finally succeeded in getting both the men and their boats on deck.

The Eskimos' first duty was to gorge themselves with food. Pork, bread and coffee made a rapid disappearance into their interiors. After this they were ready for business.

By their direction we altered our course a couple of points, and headed into what seemed a deep bay. Our captain remonstrated and endeavored to insist that the vessel ought to keep outside the land. To this they only returned grave headshakings, and made us understand that "go ahead" was the word, and ahead we went in the evening's gathering gloom; but we were soon stopped by an icy barrier, so closely impacted that it seemed impossible to work through it. However, by dint of hard ramming and driving into the open leads and channels, we managed to get into clear water again.

The ice forms undergo constant and very rapid changes as the steamer moves swiftly through the still waters and stiller night.

There is amlescope for the imagination to picture things of wonderful shape and outlines strange to behold. It may be the resemblance to gigantic men, mountains, beasts, towers, steeples, crenelated castles or humbler cottages by the sea; for all multiform varieties of mass and outline present themselves to the astonished vision, and fill us with admiration of the endless changes in both form and color that are almost bewildering and yet never tire, such is the infinite variety of their sameness.

Everything went smoothly until shortly after midnight, when we came out of a long, narrow passage into a seemingly land-locked basin, from which there was no visible outlet. To render matters worse, this basin contained a number of bergs, so near each other and in such close proximity to the shore that it was difficult to find a passage. We had to get out lines and warp our vessel through and get her head around towards the only available passageway. At last the word was given to go ahead, and, grazing first one side and then the other against two converging bergs, we shot through clear of all damage.

It was now plain sailing, and about 5 o'clock in the morning our dusky pilots pointed ahead to a narrow harbor and exclaimed, "Julianshaab." We slowed down and in a few moments rounded to. Then on the still morning air echoes rose amongst the hills as our anchor was let go and the cable rattled through the hawse-pipes and we came to a dead stop. The *Panther* was once more at rest.

Our salutations to the slumbering town aroused a countless number of dogs, who sent off their greetings in a series

of protracted howls such as only an Eskimo dog is capable of. The natives came pouring down over the rocks from every direction until a large number was gathered together, when they stood still, seemingly lost in amazement at the unexpected visit. Then suddenly was heard a wild song of welcome and all labor was for the time suspended, while our ship's company, with uncovered heads, stood listening to the melody echoing across the waters—

So wildly strange, so sadly sweet,

that more than one of the party were deeply affected. The words were unknown to us, but the voice of song conveyed an unmistakable meaning and found a response in our hearts.

These people had met us with this melodious greeting because they had mistaken the *Panther* for the daily expected vessel from Denmark which was to bring their winter supply of provisions.

Notwithstanding the error, we were received with a hearty welcome. The curiosity of the simple folk manifested itself in their gestures, and the wonder-stricken look upon their features, as they crowded upon the rocks, could be distinguished without any difficulty.

A few kayaks were soon launched and their occupants paddled round and round the harbor, but no one seemed inclined to come on board. Not a soul of them, I believe, went away after our arrival, but they all remained during the morning, as they began, gazing at the *Panther*. As soon as they detected signs of activity on board they expressed their delight in a very hilarious fashion, calling to each other, laughing and running to and fro, from place to place, singly or in parties, to get a better view of our persons and movements. The little huts from which they

emerged were scarcely distinguishable from the rocks which surrounded them, which gave the impression of coming out of the earth and dropping into it again, like prairie dogs.

Great was the rush when, at last, some of us got into our boat and started for the landing-place. They soon formed themselves into two lines—a hundred or more men, women and children—all talking or laughing and much delighted; and all stood their ground while we marched between the two files, not one of them willing to forego, for a moment, the gratification of their curiosity.

Great men and public characters (leading lawyers and politicians, for instance,) may be able to stand with cheeks of brass and be looked at, but plain men, such as most of us were, found it a trying ordeal. To be gazed at in that curious, inquiring way by so many persons, even though they were half savage, was embarrassing, and I should, no doubt, have felt still more bashful about running the gauntlet under their eyes, had not another sense than that of sight claimed its right of precedence, and with such remarkable energy, too, that all minor emotions were impossible. That other sense was smell. The scent was awful. It was, as the poet says, an ancient and a fish-like smell. The hackneyed line that “the rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” had no place in Julianshaab. The people were in their lives almost amphibious, and what with salt water, close habitations and little change of clothing—well, I will quit the subject, for I can’t do it justice.

We fled before it, but in vain. It was not only the people, but everything. The odor extended everywhere. The wharf and rocks were strewn with fish, and the very air seemed to be charged with diffused fish.

As for the people themselves they proved to be of many

shades of color, from the tawny hue of the native Eskimo to an almost pure Caucasian complexion with transparent skin and rosy cheeks. Of this latter class there was one girl who stood apart from the rest as though superior to them and yet looked wistfully on, unable to restrain her curiosity. Her hair of auburn hue was abundant and had been arranged with much care. A red silk handkerchief was tied about her forehead and ribbons without number fluttered from the knot of hair which stood upon the crown of her head. Her toilet had evidently been made with the greatest nicety. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless; her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads, while her jacket, which was of some bright color to match, looked very jaunty. It met the trousers at the hips, where it was trimmed with a broad band of eider down. About her neck she wore a collar of the same material and the beads upon the breast and around the wrists, where there was more eider down, were quite dazzling. Perhaps my description may not be quite satisfactory, as I am not an adept in fashion styles, but to my eyes she was becomingly got up, while she struck me as being very pretty, and much above her surroundings. I approached to speak to her but she ran away; and really that was the only fault I had to find with her. The little savage coquette got behind a house, but took good care to show herself from time to time around the corner, peeping out in very simple and artless fashion.

I believe a genuine coquette, the world over, has the gift of seeming artlessness. She was not allowed to remain long undisturbed, for following after me came a smart young gentleman from the *Panther*, who immediately proceeded to invest the house, stealing around in the rear of it.

When he had fairly cornered her, she, after the fashion of your charming coquette, did not seem at all afraid, but spoke to him civilly enough ; and from that time forward whatever might have been my disposition towards a better acquaintance with this lively maiden of Julianshaab, my chances were clearly gone forever. Her smiles were all for my young friend, and, indeed, I have a strong belief, such was the influence of his engaging manners and the delicacy of his flattery, that she gave him her red boots at their first interview ; for I know he had such a pair. While here I met a notable man, by name Peter Motzfeldt. He was a Dane and his name was familiar to me from Dr. Grab's work. Though over seventy he was as lively and elastic as if he had been only twenty, at which age he first took service with the Royal Greenland Fishing Company, in whose employ he had been ever since. He had never returned to Denmark nor did he wish to do so. He had all he could do to look after his family, some of them away hunting.

A point to be visited was the house of the missionary, and thither we went all together. On the way we passed two storehouses, the Parliament House, the doctor's house and numerous turf-covered huts of the natives, the assistant bestyrere, the blacksmith and the carpenter. We then crossed a narrow dashing stream, and were at the church and parsonage. The church is quite a picturesque little building, constructed, like all the buildings erected by the Government, of wood brought from Denmark. The walls are double, the space between being made quite air-tight by caulking, so that the building is easily warmed. Indeed, there is little suffering from cold, even in the severe winters, in any of the buildings at Julianshaab, for besides lining the walls, a further protection is given to the houses,

which are but one story high, by plastering them over on the outside with pitch, which closes tightly every crack and protects them from the weather, even if it spoils the picturesque. The church was in all respects neat and tidy and, black though it was, it was a pleasant sight to see this house of God here in this dreary land, by its very appearance giving unmistakable proof of good Christian work. We entered the pastor's house and fell into a lively conversation about Greenland and its legends, which was so interesting that a new day was breaking above the solemn hills as we returned to the *Panther*.

Our conversation ran mostly upon events of the past rather than of the present. We were on historic ground. Here was a spot which history had made famous, and about which legend had been busy. Brave old Eric the Red had come here nearly nine hundred years ago and with his followers had founded a sort of independent State. This was the land of the famous Norse ruins.

It was at Julianshaab that we saw for the first time the *oomiak*, or woman's boat, a curiosity in marine architecture and made with great cunning. It is about 36 feet long by 6 wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep ; and it is constructed without peg, or nail, or screw. The frame is made of round sticks of wood, over which is stretched a coat of seal hide. This hide must be tanned and dried and afterwards thoroughly saturated with oil until it is impervious to water. Quite a number of skins is required for a boat, and the women sew them together so firmly that not a drop of water can find its way through the seams. This skin overcoat is then cut and fashioned to fit the skeleton as neatly as a slipper does the foot. When first drawn on it is soft and pliable, but as it dries it becomes as firm and tense as a drum-head.

When afloat in the oomiak, you can always tell how much water you are drawing by looking through the side of it. This light, tough, elastic boat is propelled with short oars, having broad blades which are tied to the sides. It is always rowed by women, who rise up when they commence the stroke and sit down when it is finished. This process is repeated with every stroke of the paddle.

The kayak, or man's boat, is constructed in the same manner, but is of different shape and model. Both oomiak and kayak are always made by the women, who in this matter are somewhat ahead of their civilized sisters. Fancy our ladies turning boat-builders! But there is no knowing what we can do until we try, and it is possible that a white lady might be almost as good as an Eskimo woman, if she only had the same chances.

It is the custom, in the Greenland ports, to give a ball in honor of a ship's arrival, and the *Panther* had to be received with the usual honors. The grand event came off in the carpenter's shop and of course it was largely attended by the rank, beauty and fashion. The room, about 20 by 35 feet in size, was crowded, and (you will excuse my again referring to the subject) the odor was exceedingly odoriferous. It did not in the least recall the poet's "Araby the blest."

Few of our party could bear it for more than a few moments at a time, but with the assistance of our crew, who were less fastidious, the fun grew fast and furious and was maintained till long after dawn; which statement does not necessarily imply long or late hours, since here we were so near the Arctic Circle that when midsummer is close at hand there is twilight in the sky all night long. The ladies of that region do not wear skirts, and their dress so nearly

resembles the male apparel that it is difficult for the uninitiated to distinguish the sexes. This at first led to some laughable mistakes in the choice of partners, but, generally speaking, the revelry went on without misadventure, the young women acquitting themselves very well, especially in the waltz, schottische and polka. These Greenland receptions differ in one respect from those of a higher civilization. The visitors are the invited guests, but they are always expected to furnish the decorations and refreshments. I don't know that we could introduce this usage, but I present the idea for consideration.

We conformed to the regulation, sent on shore flags, candles, hard bread, beef, pork, and a bag of coffee, which last commodity the native women roasted and ground as required.

Upon going ashore to attend the ball we found the whole population in a state of great excitement, for it was very seldom they had so many guests at once. At the ball itself the women predominated, and they were, of course, arrayed in holiday attire, for Eskimo women are daughters of Eve and desire to show off at their best. Gay colors and bright ribbons were the rule; pantaloons of seal skin, jackets profusely ornamented, and boots made of various colored tanned seal skins, shone resplendent. White, red and yellow were the prevailing tints, each garment being decorated with ornaments of different colors. Many of the younger women were not only pretty in features, but finely formed, with delicately proportioned hands. They were easy in their movements, and, as I have already said, acquitted themselves well upon the floor, their garb of jacket and trousers offering no obstruction in dancing or other free movement.

The band consisted of three musicians, two performing on old fiddles, the other on a drum, manufactured out of an old keg, with seal skin heads ; and if the music was not perfect in time or tune, light hearts and jolly company made up for a good deal. One of our number solicited the oldest woman in the room for a partner and the ball was opened in due form. Age before beauty. Formal introductions were not required and after the first feelings of timidity wore off, there was little intermission in the fun until all went home in the morning.

Julianshaab is not, at any time, a particularly lively place ; but there is sufficient activity during the six days of the week to make the silence of the seventh very marked. Solemnly silent was it, indeed, to me as I landed on the beach and, with my friends, made my way towards the temple dedicated to God among the majestic hills. The people, half savage and civilized alike, were all resting from their labors—the fisherman from his lines and nets, the hunter from his search after game in the valleys ; the sound of the cooper's hammer and the ring of the blacksmith's anvil were no longer heard in the land ; even the voices of the inhabitants seemed to be hushed, as if awed by the presence of that divinely ordained day which it is commanded shall be remembered and kept holy.

It was delightfully calm. The sun gave a pleasant, autumnal warmth to the atmosphere, and altogether it was one of those peaceful Sunday mornings which we enjoy so much at home in the country, when the mind instinctively dwells upon the wonders of nature, and the very soul goes out to the great universal Father, whose dwelling-place is everywhere, and whose presence is nowhere felt more strongly than amidst the solemn grandeur of the cloud-piercing, snow-clad hills.

As I approached the church the only sounds that greeted me were those made by the tumbling waters of the brook, until I had nearly reached it, when the sweet music of an organ rose above the ripples of the glad stream. It was a most agreeable surprise for I hardly hoped to find here in Greenland any such helpful means for uplifting and inspiring religious feeling. How far this circumstance may have influenced me, I cannot say, but certain it is, I would not exchange the memory of the notes of that little organ in the small Julianshaab church, as I first heard them on that peaceful Sunday morning in that Greenland dell, for those of any church organ that I ever heard.

Afterwards when I had taken my seat among the congregation, the effect was not less pleasing as I listened to the voices of the choir and reflected that they were the voices of God's children who, through the instrumentality of Christian love, had been reclaimed from the darkest and most ignorant barbarism.

As sometimes happens elsewhere, a majority of the worshippers was women. They generally appeared to be inspired with a devout feeling, which even the presence of strangers could not disturb, and they sang the hymns in a peculiarly agreeable style.

The Eskimo language is by no means lacking in euphonious sounds, and, as pronounced by a native, is often music itself. The pastor, Mr. Anthon, had caught the accent and pronunciation perfectly, and the entire service, sermon included, was in the common tongue, a language peculiar to the Eskimos and the same with all tribes.

The organ of the little church is of the quaint device of nearly a hundred years ago, having been presented to the Mission by Queen Juliana in recognition of the compliment paid her in the name of the town. As I sat looking at the

upturned faces I could not but reflect upon the great change that had come over the people who subdued the Northmen. Then they were steeped in the worst form of superstition; now the love of Christ ruled in their hearts and they were converts to the Christian faith. And this was the "Land of Desolation," this the Greenland of the past and of the present.

We will now proceed on our voyage. Early the next morning we landed and bade our friends good-bye, after exchanging souvenirs with them. Immediately on regaining our vessel, we steamed out of the harbor on our way north, and were threading once more the winding fiord among the islands and icebergs, rejoicing at having seen a spot of earth so full of romantic associations.

Passing among numerous bergs which line the coast, we had a fine view of the mountains, which rise directly out of the sea, their peaks so pointed as scarcely to admit of the snow resting on their steep and almost perpendicular sides.

We anchored alongside an iceberg, in the way already described, and got a supply of fresh water from a pond in the berg. It is not unusual to find such ponds, formed from the melting of the ice. You will remember all berg ice is fresh.

After a sail of about 36 hours, we made the small islands lying a few miles away from the island of Disco, where we were to stop a short time in the harbor of Godhavn, in Lat. 69°. On account of the various exploring expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, as well as all the whalers, making this a place of call, it is probably better known to the general reader than any other place in Greenland. The island of Disco itself is about 250 miles in circumference, and very high and rough in its outlines.

It was on a cold, gray, misty morning that we arrived at Godhavn. There had been heavy frosts and a light spurt of snow, and the little town being hidden from view in the gloomy atmosphere, it was not surprising that it should have impressed us rather unfavorably. But this feeling speedily wore off after we had landed.

Disco belongs to the Danish Government, and is under the control of an official styled the Governor. The incumbent of the office when we were there was Mr. Kranup Smith, a young man of perhaps two and thirty. He was married, and his wife seemed to be as well contented with her Greenland home as he was, and there never was a happier baby than the Greenland-born Elizabet whose first anniversary we were hospitably called upon to assist in celebrating immediately after our arrival.

The Governor's house is not by any means an imposing edifice, being of the usual pitchy hue, but it is comfortable and capacious, for the purposes of both a private and an official residence. We were ushered into a suite of rooms, consisting of a parlor, a small sitting-room and a dining-room, by a young Eskimo woman named Sophia, who had lived there some years, and who is well known to all Arctic voyagers. Some prints of fruits and flowers were hanging on the dining-room walls, and the parlor was literally strewn with books, family souvenirs and music. A piano stood in the corner and bore evidence of being much used. Bright flowers were blooming in the windows; and altogether this was a very humanized and comfortable home for these hyperborean regions, in which warmth and comfort are of more value than space or elegance. Better was this than what our *Mayflower* or Rhode Island ancestors had, or even than many a farming or mining settler in the great West can command in these days.

Readers of Arctic narratives will not fail to remember Sophia and her sister, the belles and beauties of Godhavn. Sophia still retained her position of housekeeper in the Governor's residence, and exercised in our behalf all her experience in entertaining guests. Of course there was a ball in our honor and Sophia shone resplendent in all the glories of a Greenland toilet. I have already noticed the delicately formed hands and feet of the Eskimos women; and it must be said that in conversation their voices are soft and somewhat musical, with but a slight guttural sound. In saying, "How do you do?" their salutation is something like "Axumi." In singing their hymns the intonation is of a somewhat plaintive character. Dr. Rink is a leading authority respecting the natives of Greenland, and he tells us that they have a pretty fair talent for writing and drawing, though scarcely any traces of their earlier sculptures remain, beyond a few small images of wood and bone, which have probably served children as playthings. I have in my possession some of their work in pencil drawing and four or five water-color drawings, which have surprised some of my brother artists.

But to return to Miss Sophia, who is, without doubt, the most intelligent young Eskimo woman in Greenland and may, in fact, be classed as one of the aristocracy of that country. She speaks fluently three languages, English, Danish, and her native tongue. I suppose that there have been hardly any voyagers, of the exploring expeditions and the whaling vessels which have touched here, but have been indebted to her for some service and have made her some present in return. She kindly gave me two robes, one of which was made of hundreds of the skins taken from the neck and head of the king eider duck. 'The neck of this

bird is of a delicate creamy white, while the head includes nearly all the tints of the rainbow. Altogether the result is far richer and more effective than that of any ermine. Just before leaving I made Sophia some return presents for her kindness and she took leave of our party, but came aboard the next day to make an extra final call. She was invited into the cabin, where I received her with all due respect. In our conversation I saw that she was anxious about something, and found out that she was about to be married, and that her visit was to inform me of the fact, and to hint at a bridal outfit, which I rejoiced her heart by giving. This outfit was scarcely in keeping with our notion of a wedding gift, but it fitted accurately with the occasion in Godhavn. It consisted of about half a barrel of pork, nearly as much slush or grease, some condensed milk, canned meats, hard bread, coffee and sundry other articles, and I assure you she was more delighted than any young lady here would be with a hundred thousand dollar dowry. Still she lingered, and finally, with great embarrassment, she ventured to say her mistress had received a new dress from Denmark and she thought she would like to have one. I, of course, acceded to her request. She evidently thought she had discovered a mine and seemed determined to make the most of it, and I waited for her next request. The last wish was that her longing eyes might behold—a *crinoline*, of which she had heard faint rumors. Oh ! feminine weakness ! The idea of a crinoline in Greenland !

The Greenlanders or Eskimos are not partial to too much Government, yet the Danish rule is satisfactory to them, for they have a voice in their own affairs. There is a prohibitory act which is enforced in all the settlements, and

which I cannot refrain from mentioning. It is the commendable policy which absolutely excludes that villainous "fire water" that has played such a conspicuous part in the demoralization and destruction of our own Indians, and not a few others who are not Indians.

Once a year only are the people allowed to smile through the bottom of an empty glass.

This is on the king's birthday, when every man in Greenland is allowed to march up to the Government store-room, there to receive, each in his turn, a glass of schnapps, which he drains to the health of the mighty Nalegaksoak who occupies the Danish throne.

The women are excluded from this festive privilege ; but a man may kiss his wife, just when he pleases, without offense to anybody ; and, while in the act, he may drop from his own capacious maw, like the cooing dove that feeds its mate in the cote, whatever portion of the king's bounty he may feel inclined to spare, and nobody be any the wiser for it. Although the Eskimo is not a particularly ceremonious individual in his daily life and habits, he sometimes condescends to take his wife out for a call upon some neighbor. They go in a kayak, the boat used by the men. The wife lies down flat behind the man and she must be very careful not to move, or she would upset the frail craft. In the hole where the man sits he puts the little child, if there is one, and manages to keep it in position. If the water is a little rough the woman gets her hands and face washed, an event less frequent in that frigid clime than it is with us.

The Eskimo kayakers are very expert and perform some feats which astonish all those who see them. One feat in particular seems almost incredible, but, having repeatedly

witnessed its performance, I can vouch for the fact. The man turns a somersault under water while seated in his boat, as one of our acrobats does on land. With a cord the kayaker draws the edge of his hood so close to his face that not a drop of water can pass between ; his sleeves are closed in the same manner and the boat is made water-tight by tying his jumper or seal skin jacket over the raised edge of the hole in which he sits. Thus prepared, he makes with his paddle a wonderfully rapid movement, with a sharp metallic sound as the blade passes through the water, and instantly the boat turns over, the man disappearing beneath it. His paddle is seen for a second and then is gone. As you watch with breathless interest, the paddle reappears making the same lightning-like movement, then the man rises and complacently steers towards the spectator, looking at him with a smile through the salt water that runs off his swarthy face.

This is not much in the description but it is a great deal in the doing. A common swimmer may dive under the water and come up at another place, but the Eskimo boatman must counteract the buoyancy of his air-tight *kayak* bottom upwards.

Another feat is for one man in his *kayak* to force both himself and his boat out of the water and over another *kayaker*, as he lies broadside on the water, as a horse leaps over a fence.

Even a more astonishing feat, to my mind, is the ability to ride out the heaviest gale of wind in safety in his frail skin boat provided only that he does not lose his hold on his paddle ; should he do so, however, he would capsize immediately and drown. His paddle is his balance pole ; let him part with it for an instant and he is gone.

A small boy, who may be called an Eskimo "Wide-Awake," was a good subject for a likeness, but I was not able to take his photograph without considerable trouble, for he seemed so doubtful of what my intentions really were, after being told that I wished to "take" him, that he secreted himself and it was only after a long search that he could be found. Then he was so terrified and cried so bitterly that his face was not an object to be coveted for a photograph. However, several applications of molasses, applied by my finger to his lips, were as efficacious as Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and he finally consumed a pint without my aid, and the picture was secured.

Another little fellow might have been called "Blubber-Chops." His clothes were in a state that would lead you to think they had not been taken off since they were first put on. This boy could easily dispose of 7 or 8 pounds of blubber, a surprising meal even among the Eskimos, who are all brave feeders. There was an unusual abdominal development about Blubber-Chops which excited our curiosity, the rather that it moved to and fro continually and at last mounted towards his neck, when we saw the sharp ears and bright eyes of a young blue fox emerge and turn to survey the strangers.

Leaving our Godhavn friends with regret, we once more turned our bows northward to cross the Arctic Circle and see the midnight sun. This opened another existence to us. We were in a Summer of continuous brightness. For days and weeks together lamps were not thought of. It was a new heaven and a new earth; no morn, no noon, no night, no time for turning in or turning out. We lived and moved by the clock, not by the sun or the sky.

We crossed the Arctic Circle in a fog, and what a fog! I verily believe there never was such a fog. We steamed along slowly for about 24 hours, when it cleared off and we emerged out of a cloud region into one of dazzling brightness. We glided on among the icebergs in view of magnificent coast scenery, and here it must be said that, in this region of ice and snow, the scenery is never tame or uninteresting. We passed under the gloomy, cavernous Black Hook, and then near the stupendous cliffs of the mainland, which, cut off by deep gorges, seemed like old time-worn columns, holding up against the sky a vast white entablature—the great ice sea of Greenland.

Then we passed beneath the noblest landmark of the coast, a cone-shaped mountain rising from the sea, which we had seen some 60 miles away. With helm a-port we steamed in on the south side of the mountain and entered a narrow, winding fiord close beside its base, as the sun was dropping his earliest rays down upon a silvery thread of ice-encumbered water, that wound between cliffs of unparalleled magnificence, rising on our right and left to from three to four thousand feet in height. We pushed on towards our place of destination, a truncated cone standing in the middle of the fiord before us, and right well did we afterwards come to know this same cone which is called Arsut Rock.

Its height is about 2,500 feet. The sides slope only a little from the perpendicular and from our position there was no perceptible break in the line of the cliff to an altitude of nearly 1,500 feet. We hauled the *Panther* alongside an iceberg and made her fast. How we rejoiced at the opportunity to get out of the ship for a time! A landing on the iceberg was easily effected, and we ran about over it as if it had been dry land. Satisfied that this was a good

place for birds I directed the Captain to take the boat and row towards the cliff, which, by a strange optical illusion, appeared to be only a very short distance from us. To our amazement we rowed for twenty minutes before reaching it. The sight was grand.

The cliff rose up nearly half a mile above our heads, and below us its image was reflected in the clear, bright waters. As we drew nearer we observed that the surface of the cliff was broken by regular steps, and presently we heard a murmuring sound like that of distant falling waters.

When we were fairly under the cliff this sound increased in volume and became so loud that we were obliged to elevate our voices to make ourselves heard. The noise was caused by millions of birds which covered the entire surface of the rock. They were so numerous that we soon tired of shooting them and returned to the *Panther*.

The next day was calm and pleasantly warm and we prepared to enter the wonderful sheet of water called Arsut Fiord.

I specially desired to penetrate to the head of this fiord and secure some photographs and studies in color, for I could not ascertain that any views had ever been taken of a Greenland fiord.

Learning from a half-breed that it would be dangerous to venture up with the *Panther* on account of sunken rocks, we left her, in two boats, passing between Arsut Rock and the bold, barren cliff at the right, which is over 3,000 feet high. As the view opened up, the high, precipitous, naked rocks, which lined the fiord on each side, extending up for the distance of about seven miles, suggested to me an Arctic Yosemite.

It was almost an exact reproduction in outline, and wonderfully like it in its geological character.

We carefully scanned the rocky cliffs with our glass and saw unmistakable signs of previous glacial action, which is remarkable, as there is no glacier within five or six miles of these cliffs. On the left was a precipitous wall 4,000 feet in height, similar to El Capitan in the Yosemite Valley, while on the right was another which in form and height would readily suggest Glacier Point. There is the essential difference, however, that this fiord is filled with water, whereas the Yosemite is land. There are two other fiords resembling this one within forty miles south.

Having obtained some oil and several pencil studies, with some fine photographs, we took our departure and proceeded slowly down the fiord, arriving on board the steamer at about 11 o'clock in what anywhere else would have been night, but here was only afternoon.

The next day found us steaming along the coast, bound for the colony of Upernavik. We passed around the base of this big mountain, which is known as Kresarsoak by the natives, but was named Sanderson's Hope by old John Davis in 1585, and two hours later were at anchor. Before us was Upernavik, which enjoys the preëminent distinction of being the most northern spot of all the world where civilized industry is carried on. It lies in Lat. $73^{\circ} 35'$. Landing, we proceeded directly to the house of the Governor, C. N. Rudolph, who received us with the greatest hospitality. We soon forgot the desolate surroundings as one would forget the desert in the wild flower that he finds growing by the way. The Governor's house was snug and comfortable. Two children and a kindly, gentle wife comprised the family, and after seeing them we needed neither the fragrant flowers growing in the windows nor the excellent dinner to convince us that we were in a home as happy as it was refined.

A tender love of flowers is a special feature in Greenland life. I never saw a Danish house without them. The flowers would not bear exposure to the open air throughout the entire length of any single day, but men keep them safe behind the glass, and nurse them as they nurse within their hearts the kindly ties that bind their lives and memories to sunny skies and summer gardens far away.

These flowers were especially interesting to me on account of their peculiar history. The seeds from which they were raised were brought to Julianshaab by a Quaker missionary, to be distributed to the different settlements by the Eskimo couriers and other means of communication. Two years elapsed before any of them reached Upernavik, after a journey of 1,200 miles through this desolate region. They were planted by Mrs. Rudolph in earth brought from Denmark and tenderly nurtured until they had blossomed into the beautiful flowers which I saw. Mrs. Rudolph presented me with a few of them and related their history, in the course of which I found that the missionary who had first brought the seeds to Greenland was a dear friend of mine. I carefully preserved the flowers and had the pleasure, the following year, to present them to this good missionary, in England. Thus we see the seed that he distributed was emblematical of that work to which he was devoting his life.

While sitting at the table partaking of this amiable couple's hospitality I glanced through the window in an opening among the plants and there beheld a scene never to be forgotten. It was near the hour of twelve in the afternoon. The rugged, cold, barren rocks, the calm waters of Baffin's Bay, as smooth as glass, hundreds of

icebergs of every form and shape, moving or stationary, were all bathed in the light of the midnight sun which seemed to glorify everything it rested upon ; the sky was bright and soft and strangely inspiring like the sky of Italy, and the bergs had wholly lost their chilly aspect and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heaven, seemed in the distance like masses of burnished metal or solid flame.

And now we pass from a scene full of cheerfulness to one suggestive of sorrow and resignation, and visit the burial ground of Upernavik. It is a sad place of sepulture. It lies on the hill-side above the town and is dreary and desolate beyond description. It consists of a series of rocky steps on which lie, covered only with piles of stones, a few rude coffins—mournful resting-places of those who sleep their last sleep among the barren hills of Greenland. The manner of the burial is of the simplest. The body is placed in a rude coffin or, if boards are not to be had, is wrapped in skins and laid on the surface of the ground. Then a wall of stones is built around and over it, some four or five feet thick. Sometimes there are deposited on the grave articles belonging to the deceased ; if it be a man something connected with the hunt, if a woman some implement of domestic use. No matter how much any article of that kind might be wanted, no one would ever think of removing what is deposited on a grave. But should a foreigner, visiting this last resting-place, remove such a relic and leave there something of equal value to show that he did not intend to steal, then the Eskimo's scruples would be removed and he would take the substituted article as soon as he saw it. In this ground are crosses erected over the bodies of persons who belonged to

some of the whalers on exploring expeditions. One of these, set up by Dr. Hayes, marks the grave of one of his crew, seaman Carruthers, who died here while the vessel stopped on her way north. There is one event in the daily life of Colonibestyrere Rudolph which must interest and surprise every one. Every morning, as he sits down to his breakfast, his Eskimo servant hands his morning paper from Denmark for his perusal. I can almost hear the reader say: "What a falsehood!" but such is the fact. He is served with his daily paper, but it is just one year old. The yearly file is sent him from Denmark and he allows himself just one paper a day, and the news is as new as if it had happened yesterday. Most impressions are relative.

We met here a well-known individual, Hans Heindrick, who had served as hunter and dog-driver for several Arctic expeditions. He was with Dr. Kane in the *Advance*, then with Dr. Hayes in the *United States* and Captain Hall in the *Polaris*. It was through his skill in hunting that Dr. Kane's party were saved from starvation, and he was the hero of a most thrilling incident in connection with the loss of the *Polaris* near Littleton Island.

He is married to a native woman named Merkut, and his baby rejoices in the euphonious name of Pingasuk. Hans has been taught by the missionaries to read the Bible and sign his name.

We now take leave of Hans, Mrs. Hans and the little Hanses and look at another character. This woman is called an angekok, a witch or sorceress. She formerly performed incantations over the sick or dead, and surely, if ill-looks ever had anything to do, as they always seem to have had, with the general make-up of a witch, she is

entitled to be looked upon as the mother of them all, for a more repulsive-looking being never walked in darkness and conspired with the evil one. Yet this monster had a child, and its innocent baby face did not exhibit any evidence that it was conscious of its dangerous parentage, but it sucked its fist as contentedly as any other baby.

Having seen some of the inhabitants we will now look at their *igloe*, or winter hut. It is made of turf and rocks. The walls are 2 or 3 feet thick and it is 12 by 15 feet square. The entrance is through a door at the end of a passageway about 12 feet long and 36 inches high. In entering it you almost crawl on your hands and knees. Passing in to where you can stand erect you are always cordially welcomed, and while one of the women is preparing a cup of coffee for her guest we will listen to a native song. Although most of the music of the Eskimos is of rather a plaintive character, one is occasionally found which is quite the reverse.

The walls of the *igloe* are lined with seal-skins, and their only fuel is dried moss and blubber, which is burned in an open dish made of soapstone, called a *kotluk*, and by means of this they slightly parboil their food of walrus or seal. Another of their dwellings is called a *toupek*. It is made of skins, and is used in the summer during the hunting season for camping, on their journeys up and down the coast. They sleep in the low part in the rear, on a framework covered with skins.

Here at Upernavik it was that Dr. Kane first heard words of welcome in his own language from Governor Rudolph, after his retreat of over 450 miles from the abandoned *Advance*. Here all the vessels of the different exploring expeditions, as well as the whalers, stop and leave their

letters containing messages of love for the dear ones they have left behind in their native land.

We bade our dear friends, Gov. and Mrs. Rudolph, adieu and promised them a longer visit on our return. We were soon on board the *Panther*, and, as we stepped on deck, she once more headed out of the harbor. As the last glimpse of the little church was shut out from our view, many a prayer was silently offered to Him who, in His infinite mercy, protects and guides us on our course, and we prayed Him to vouchsafe us a safe return to civilization and to our dear ones at home.

And now we have the *Panther* under a full head of steam, forcing her way northward, through a group of icebergs, along a coast which constantly increased in interest as we advanced.

Fifty miles north of Upernavik we steamed into the harbor of Tessuisak, which boasts of one solitary house, the nearest habitable house to the North Pole.

It was late at night when we dropped our anchor, but the photographers got out their apparatus and, as the clock struck twelve, they made a picture of it—*photographed by the light of the midnight sun!*

Here Jensen (who was the dog driver and interpreter for Dr. Hayes on his last expedition) resides, with his little family.

We had scarcely entered the harbor when we saw a whale-boat, manned by a swarthy crew of skin-clad men. It was soon alongside. The man in the stern proved to be Jensen, who climbed to the deck and instantly recognized his former commander, Dr. Hayes. Putting his arms around his neck, he kissed him, while his eyes were filled with tears. The joy of the meeting was mutual. We

steamed into a good anchorage, went on shore, and called on Jensen's wife, who entertained us with true Danish hospitality. There was something indescribably sad to me in the dreadful isolation of this family. It is worse than loneliness, for the few filthy Eskimos, with their packs of howling, vicious dogs, and their general wretchedness, cannot give companionship to a woman bred in Copenhagen, nor to the three children whom she nurtured with the carefulness of a Christian mother. The loneliness of that prison-house to those children, when winter has come, was a painful thing to contemplate. But then the wife made no complaint; she seemed cheerful, and may have felt so. Hopeless, indeed, to her this life of toil, anxiety and suffering, unless Heaven has given her some measure of bliss utterly beyond our power of appreciation. Alas! how little men really know of the sacrifices women make for them!

Jensen showed us his dog-team ready for a journey. Each dog has a trace made from skin, and these are fastened together in such a manner that all can be instantly liberated. The dogs travel spread out like a fan, the leader being in the centre, and are guided by the word of command and a whip. The whip has a handle 30 inches long and a lash, made of skin, from 15 to 20 feet long. An Eskimo handles it with wonderful skill, being able, with a stroke of the lash, to cut off the ear of an unruly dog.

On leaving I made up a store of good things for Jensen, and, bidding them good-bye, bore away from this most northern house in all the world, and the last glimpse we had of Jensen from the masthead he was still waving us his adieux.

We entered an open lead, which looked very favorable

for quite a distance. This was one of the scenes which every Arctic voyager delights to look upon, and we crowded on all steam in order to take advantage of the opportunity. The thermometer indicated 50° above 0. The Captain was aloft in the crow's nest, looking eagerly and anxiously ahead, fearful that the lead might close; but on we went, and entered the ice-pack of Melville Bay, passing through an open lead and near an iceberg which was evidently liable to disintegrate. We slowed down and passed the berg at a moderate rate of speed, as a matter of precaution, for it would have taken but a little jar or wave-commotion to cause it to go to pieces; and woe to the vessel should the rupture happen when it is near. Sometimes we were beset by the ice-fields, being once or twice almost forced on an immense berg, and effecting our escape with great difficulty. This ice navigation is never free from hazard, and nothing can be more treacherous than the movements of a pack.

Through an open lead we entered a small body of open water for the purpose of getting a view of a beautiful berg. I landed on the ice floe, at just the right distance and succeeded in getting a very fine picture. This berg appeared to be in two pieces, but we found they were connected together under the water. The space was over 75 feet wide and deep enough for us to steam through, as we had done. I have seen arches and caverns in bergs, some of them high enough to have admitted a vessel. This berg, from its great beauty, we named the "Glory of Melville Bay." We were now surrounded, as far as the eye could see, with an interminable ice-pack, and while forcing our way along through the ice, which was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, we came to this immense, lofty berg, which was about 275

feet high. The large arch which pierced it displayed the beautiful color always seen in overhanging portions of the bergs. It reminded one of a castle, a fit abode for the Polar Ice-King.

Still heading northward, we arrived at the Duck Islands, so called because of the number of eider ducks found there.

Landing upon one of the islands we made our way to the cliff, known to voyagers as the "Whalers' Look Out." How grandly the mountains and glaciers of Greenland loomed up on our right! How splendid was the sea around us, speckled with ice, with here and there a dark, rocky island amid the general whiteness! How tempting Melville Bay ahead, with its interminable pack!

When we returned on board the chain was clanking in the hawser-hole, the anchor was aweigh and the propeller at work and soon the *Panther* was again steaming northward in the calm evening.

The sun was in the west a good way above the horizon and a pleasant glow was over sea and land. We steered in a northerly direction for Wilcox Point. Eastward from this point we observed that the coast trended some miles to a mountain called the "Devil's Thumb," and as we saw it, it had very much the appearance of a thumb projecting vertically above the hand when it is placed edgewise upon a table.

Why the Devil's Thumb, rather than the thumb of some more respectable character, is puzzling. The sea here is very perilous and no part of Baffin's Bay is so much dreaded as this locality. It is rightly named "Bergy Hole." We entered the ice fields through an open lead or lane of water which, as we proceeded, gradually narrowed.

The first officer, who was aloft, kept a sharp look-out, and it was soon found that our lead was a "blind" one and we were coming to the end of it. The ice was jammed tightly everywhere and word came from the look-out in the crow's nest that we must go back. "Is there no opening anywhere?" asked the captain. "None; but the ice looks weak on the port hand." "Keep her for it and put her in," roared the captain; and down we bore upon the ice, the rakish bow and stem of the *Panther* well out of the water, and looking defiant, as if it were a matter of no kind of consequence to her what amount of ice lay before her. On we went, still rushing towards the ice at full speed, the screw grinding fiercely and making the vessel tremble in every timber. It was soon too late to check her headway, even if the captain should have desired it. To wheel round now would have been quite impossible. We braced ourselves for the shock that was coming, every man catching hold of something to steady himself with. C-r-r-r-ssh! the solid iron cut-water of the *Panther* has taken the ice. She cuts into it, slides upon it, and crushes it down; she rides up again, and sinks and buries herself her full length in the body of the floe; but still she slides up once more and crushes further on, although going slower now; and then she stops and settles down to her proper level, and the groaning of the ice seems to be a cry of relief from the noble vessel, which only wants a little breathing time before she begins again. Pretty well for a beginning; and no one now doubts the *Panther's* ability. The captain tells the officer in charge to keep her at it; the screw is kept revolving and the *Panther* is again pushing in among the ice-floes and forcing them asunder. The jar and steady pressure have their effect; the floes are set in motion, the crack widens and we grind through into clear, open water.

This bold dash gave us a free passage northward.

All eyes were now strained and all glasses were doing service in search of bears. It was a midnight long to be remembered. Just above the horizon, as seen in the superb view before you, glowed the midnight sun, scattering everywhere a flood of golden light. The icebergs, the great glaciers, the cavernous old cape, towering above our heads, and the more distant peak of the Devil's Thumb, were bathed in its bright effulgence.

Slowly the gorgeous fiery orb approached the horizon. I cannot give you any adequate idea, in words, of the effect of this scene of this midnight sun, which has even served to give a title to this interesting portion of the globe.

The Land of the Midnight Sun !

You may imagine yourselves watching this sun (the same sun we see here, and yet how different) as it lingered, seemingly, for a moment just above the horizon.

Fifteen minutes later we saw it in this position, and (in defiance of all preconceived notions of its proper course) it skirted the horizon, from left to right, for about thirty minutes, without either rising or falling, and then commenced to mount towards the zenith. And thus was another day commenced.

I was charmed with the scene, and was trying to make a sketch of it.

Suddenly something in the distance attracted my attention.

Looking more carefully I saw it was an old bear and her two cubs, slowly and cautiously making their way over the ice towards the *Panther*. They came forward drawn by curiosity, to study carefully the vessel, stopping occasionally, the old one raising her head and snuffing again and again, trying to satisfy herself whether she was safe.

The steamer was but a black curiosity to them, and we were well pleased when they manifested a disposition for a closer acquaintance.

The old mother led off, and the two young ones came shuffling along beside her, very slowly and cautiously, edging away from the vessel's stern, manifestly for the purpose of coming as far as possible around to the leeward of us.

She seemed fascinated with the steamer, and her curiosity got the better of her discretion.

Meanwhile, the little ones were cutting up all sorts of antics about her.

It took the old bear nearly half an hour to satisfy herself as to whether the *Panther* was a friend or foe ; but, by-and-by she seemed to come to a conclusion, for she suddenly stopped short, threw up her head, gave a tremendous snort, and, wheeling around in a state of alarm, looked about as if for some means of escape. In a moment she took the back track. The alarm spread to the little ones, who commenced to run to the opposite side. At this moment the photographers came rushing up with their camera, and the family group was taken at a distance of about two hundred yards.

We were more fortunate than any previous Arctic voyagers in being able to get a photograph of polar bears in their native ice-fields. The bears now took to the water, with the intention of reaching the solid floe, but we anticipated them, and they wheeled about again to swim to the ice they had abandoned.

Putting the helm a-starboard, we now came directly in upon their wake, and when within thirty yards gave them a volley from our rifles, and one of the cubs lay lifeless upon the blood-stained water.

The others, by some mischance, escaped with only slight wounds, and made for the floe, diving and then paddling themselves along for some distance, about ten or twelve feet below the surface, where we could easily see them striking out for dear life.

The bow of the *Panther* was now run into the edge of the floe, and the captain and two others let themselves down upon it, by means of a rope, and ran across the ice to head them off and prevent them from making their way towards the land, for the bears had now regained the floe. Seeing the position of affairs, however, the bears turned about and again made for the water, when a shot from the captain's rifle brought down the cub. Notwithstanding her danger, the mother seemed unwilling to leave her dead cub, but remained beside it until the party were quite close to her, when a volley from them badly wounded her. Turning her head towards the hunters with a growl of defiance, she still refused to seek safety in flight; but at another discharge of the rifles she fell, mortally wounded, beside the dead body of her cub.

We now kept a sharp look-out for other game as we steamed along, and within thirty-six hours succeeded in killing three more of these noble animals. I may say that I so admired them in their struggle for life that, for my own part, I could not fire a shot at them.

We ran the *Panther* into the edge of the floe about a hundred yards, then let our six prizes down on the ice, and the crew, after a laborious effort, grouped them at a distance that the photographers might take both the vessel and the bears in one picture, our party gathering about the dead monsters.

Afterwards a nearer view was taken. As they lay there, one could not help recalling the fact that but a few short

hours before they had been roaming over their native ice-fields as seal hunters ; and I may here remark that no man ever stalked a deer with more consummate skill than a bear does a seal. Ascending an iceberg, his telescopic sight enables him to see one at a distance of four or five miles. Then he cautiously advances, during the last eighth of a mile crawling on his belly, until he has reached within fifteen or twenty feet of his victim, when, with one supreme effort, he springs upon him and rips him open with a single stroke of his paw.

We had now passed well on our way into Melville Bay, but our situation there was indeed a hazardous one.

The ice was crowding about us all the time, driven by a three-knot current that whirled it round in the wildest manner, and it was not surprising that the captain decided this to be no proper place for the *Panther*, so we crawled out while the chance was good, and steamed northward once more into the pack. The weather was superb. For the most part the air was entirely calm, and in the perpetual sunshine our enjoyment was uninterrupted. Sometimes we were beset by ice-fields, and once or twice we were forced upon a berg while helpless among heavy floes. Once the *Panther* was pretty badly squeezed, and we had a lively exhibition of the power of the closing ice-field. Strong as our vessel was, we could readily see that she would be only as an egg-shell in the hand if caught where the ice was in rapid movement.

At length, after working about in various directions, we escaped from the heavy ice and passed into flat field-ice, miles in extent and about three feet thick. Here we were imprisoned for a short time. Then occurred one of those mysterious movements of the ice which take place when

most unlooked for. We had watched from the crow's nest for days for some slight change indicating a crack, when suddenly cracks appeared in every direction, and we were liberated at once and started northward.

When a whaler is nipped in the ice in this way and hopelessly wrecked, the crew build a shelter on the ice and then make their way over the fields to some Eskimo settlement or whaling vessel, if one happens to be in the neighborhood. Many of these vessels, while forcing their way through the ice, are crushed with scarcely any warning.

One, the *Alexander*, of Dundee, had passed almost clear out of the ice, with her bow actually in open water, when the ice closed and caught her just abreast of the mizzenmast, held her so about ten minutes, crushed in her sides, reached and broke off the mizzenmast. For about thirty minutes the ship was held in this position; then the ice separated, and the vessel sank out of sight. This leads to the mention of an interesting incident of Arctic navigation called by whalers "docking" the ship, to prevent its being crushed. In working through the ice-fields early in the season the whalers generally keep to what is known as the "land ice," which is connected with the coast, and varies in width from a few hundred feet to perhaps one or two miles.

Between this land ice and the middle pack are open leads or lanes of water, and as the ships work through these leads the middle pack may lie off, say, two or three miles. From the crow's nest the body of ice is seen to be setting towards the land. Then it is that, to insure the safety of the vessel, the seamen dock her. This is done by sawing a channel in the land ice one or two hundred feet, and more if there is time, and hauling the vessel in

stern foremost. Here the ship lies waiting for the approach of the middle pack. When the two bodies come into collision the noise and tumult are awful, and the roarings and groanings of the great masses are to be heard for miles. At last it ceases, the crush and pressure of the advancing floe having been checked by the resistance of the land ice, but not until huge blocks from two to five feet thick have been hurled high into the air, layer after layer being thrown up until they have rafted into a confused pile fifteen or twenty feet in height. Through all the commotion the docked vessel lies in its resting-place out of reach and unharmed.

There is no phenomenon of Arctic navigation more sublime in its aspects than a storm spending its fury on the edge of the ice-pack. The water, breaking with terrific weight and power, wave after wave, is hurled against the pack, which it breaks, and tears, and rips up, throwing huge blocks upon the stubbornly resisting surface. It is a tremendous war of the elements, never to be forgotten.

Nothing can be more impressive and solemn than the contemplation of Nature among these Arctic ice-fields after one of the scenes I have described. Now all is calm, rest and repose. You feel that you can enjoy the silence of solitude as you never did before. You almost wish there was nothing to draw away the eye from gazing towards the far, unknown solitudes of the North ; and you realize that though you were there alone, the Creator of all, the great God of Heaven, would accompany you to the confines of the pole and aid you in silently worshipping and adoring Him.

It is another sight we see in the mountains of Greenland, wild, rugged, and torn by deep ravines and gorges, their tops covered with flying storm-clouds which hide the sum-

mits from view. At their base a frail ship is sometimes seen, caught between the land ice and the middle pack of Melville Bay, forced high up on the grinding floes, and lying there as in an icy cradle. She is probably crushed, and the crew are making preparations to abandon her. They gather from the hold such stores and provisions as will be most needed, haul their boats out on the level ice to a place of safety, and are ready for their retreat should no friendly whaler rescue them.

It might be supposed that men, who had once endured the hardships and sufferings which beset the whalers, would be unwilling again to face them ; but it is not so. Those who have once entered these regions and seen this nature in all its wonderful manifestations of beauty and sublimity, seem to be drawn back again as with an irresistible fascination. It is to all who enter there the revelation of a new world, a new phase of life and nature, which is accompanied by the feeling of being in the presence of the Eternal God.

In our northward advance we passed about 125 miles into the Melville Bay pack, and nearly reached Cape York, the terminus of Melville Bay. This distance took us three weeks to accomplish, and cost us the consumption of 175 tons of coal. The season was a most unfavorable one. Not a single whaler succeeded in passing through into what is known as the north water, which extends about 25 miles, and through which we enter the ice of Smith's Sound, the point I had hoped to reach. Under favorable conditions, the distance it had taken me three weeks to make is passed in 36 hours. Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, in sailing vessels, had gone through in two days, and Sir George Nares, commander of the English Polar Expedition, and Capt. Hall, in the *Polaris*, had made the run in 36 hours.

We remained in our position amid the thick ice for several days, not unwillingly, so far as I was concerned, for I made some superb studies for paintings ; but, before relinquishing my hope of a farther advance, I determined to make one more attempt if an opening occurred. The ship, I knew, was equal to any demand that could be made on wood and iron, and we tried once more to bore our way towards Cape York, only to encounter the heaviest ice we had yet seen. It might be called the palæocrystic ice, for it was fully as thick, varying, as it did, from fifty to a hundred feet.

This was our highest point reached, and we were all well satisfied that we had done our utmost. Circumstances were against us, and we decided to take advantage of the first favorable change to turn the bows of the *Panther* to the south and steam away from the midnight sun.

It is hardly necessary to say that we all became much attached to the staunch ship which had carried us so safely through many perils, and landed us, at last, once more, at our starting point, St. John's, Newfoundland.